MARVEL
PSR 48

BEDARD

SAKAKIBARA

EXILES®

EARN YOUR WINGS 3 OF 3

IT'S AN UNWRITTEN RULE: "IF TWO GROUPS OF SUPER-PEOPLE UNEXPECTEDLY CROSS PATHS, THEY PUNCH FIRST, AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER."

FOR TONIGHT'S MATCH-UP, THE HOME TEAM IS THE FANTASTIC FOUR, WITH NAMOR OF ATLANTIS PINCH-HITTING.

I'M ON THE VISITING TEAM. WE'RE ALWAYS THE VISITING TEAM.

WE CALL OURSELVES THE EXILES, SINCE WE BOUNCE FROM ONE MESSED-UP ALTERNATE REALITY TO THE NEXT, FIXING WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH EACH PARALLEL EARTH.

SO FAR, WE HAVE A WINNING RECORD ON THE ROAD--IF YOU DON'T COUNT THE FOUR EXILES WE'VE LOST ALONG THE WAY.

EARN YOUR WINGS conclusion

...NNH...WHAT... HAPPENED...?

PLEASE *BELIEVE* ME, MISSUS RICHARDS-- I NEVER MEANT FOR *ANYONE* TO GET HURT!

I AM NOT *WITH* THESE PEOPLE! I AM SORRY I EVER *MET* THEM!

THAT'S *BEAK*, AND IT'S TRUE--HE'S NOT ONE OF US EXILES. HE JUST SORT OF GOT *SWEPT UP* IN OUR CURRENT MISSION.

I, ON THE OTHER HAND, AM A FOUNDING MEMBER.

HOW IS SHE, BEAK?

DO I LOOK LIKE A *DOCTOR*, NOCTURNE? SHE GOT HIT RIGHT ON THE *HEAD*, THAT IS ALL I KNOW!

I'M *FINE*...BUT TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO *STAND DOWN!*

OF COURSE...

THERE'S *ANOTHER* RULE THAT HOLDS TRUE, NO MATTER WHAT VERSION OF EARTH YOU'RE ON-- "*DON'T* MESS WITH THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*."

SUE...?

GET AWAY FROM HER!!

WOOSH

AHH!

=LNGH=

BAMMMMP

HEY, THAT'S MY *BROTHER* YOU'RE SHOOTING AT--!

MOST OF ALL, DON'T MESS WITH THE INVISIBLE WOMAN, *SUSAN RICHARDS.*

!

NEVER MIND HER *INVISIBILITY* TRICK, IT'S HER *FORCE-FIELDS* THAT MAKE SUE THE F.F.'S MOST *DANGEROUS* MEMBER.

FIRE ANOTHER *BLAST* AND YOU'LL PROBABLY JUST BLOW YOUR OWN *HANDS* OFF!

ONCE YOU PASS OUT, I'LL LET YOU *BREATHE* AGAIN. MAYBE *THEN* YOU'LL BE READY TO...

...TO...

OF COURSE, I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS OF MY OWN...

C'MON, GRIMM... YOU GONNA LET A GIRL...-NGG-...OUT-MUSCLE YOU...?

MOST DAYS... -NFF-...I'D NEVER RAISE MY HAND TO A *DAME*...

KRIK

...YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND...

OOF!

BEN! JOHNNY! PULL BACK! WE DON'T HAVE TO *FIGHT* THESE PEOPLE!

NAMOR, YOU TOO!

NAMOR--?!

IMPOSTOR!

BLINK

WEAKLING!

THEY'RE *BEYOND* LISTENING, BLINK!

YOU'VE GOTTA TELEPORT *ALL* OF US OUT OF THE CITY BEFORE THOSE TWO TAKE THEIR FIGHT ONTO THE *STREETS!*

GOOD ADVICE, CAL.

I'LL START WITH THE *FIGHTIN' FISHIES!*

NO--!

BLOOK

WHU--?

CAL!

ARHH!

WHUP

DO YOU PEOPLE *MIND*? I *LIVE* HERE!

NICELY DONE, SUSAN, BUT...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *DARK BLUE* FEMALE... NAMORA?

SHE *RAN AWAY*. THE BUILDING'S SECURITY SYSTEMS SHOULD CATCH HER, RIGHT?

...RIGHT.

GET READY, CAL...EVEN WITH THESE FORCE-FIELDS, I THINK I CAN TELEPORT US OUT OF HERE, ONE BY ONE.

NO, CLARICE... WAIT...

I AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT NOT FIGHTING THESE PEOPLE, REED. I'M THINKING WE SHOULD EVEN CONSIDER WORKING *WITH* THEM.

Um... DOCTOR RICHARDS...? SHE'S NOT--

QUIET, BARNELL.

BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE TO REWRITE OUR *FUTURE*, SUSAN! THEY ACT ON *ORDERS* FROM UNSEEN MASTERS-- WHO *KNOWS* WHAT THEY INTEND?!

WE SIMPLY *CANNOT ALLOW* THEM TO GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS!

YOU KNOW, SUSAN, THIS REMINDS ME OF OUR LAST TRIP TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE...*REMEMBER?*

WHO *WAS* IT WE WERE UP AGAINST? BLASTAAR...OR ANNIHILUS?

DON'T BOTHER GUESSING, T.J.! HE *KNOWS* YOU'RE NOT HER!

LET'S JUST COME CLEAN AND *REALLY* TALK THIS OUT, OKAY?

...

OKAY, CAL.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE?

THEY DID SOMETHIN' TA SUZIE?!

SHE'S *FINE*, BELIEVE ME. MY TEAMMATE *NOCTURNE* IS OCCUPYING HER BODY AND UTILIZING HER POWERS.

WE CALL IT *POSSESSION*-- IT'S TEMPORARY AND DOES HER *NO HARM*...BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO SLEEP IT OFF WHEN NOCTURNE'S DONE.

I'M *SORRY*... I HATE TO TAKE *LIBERTIES* LIKE THIS, MR. RICHARDS. I ONLY DID IT TO END THE *VIOLENCE*.

IF I *RELEASE* YOUR WIFE, THE FORCE-FIELDS WILL COME DOWN.

WE CAN ALL *TRUST* EACH OTHER *NOT* TO START FIGHTING AGAIN... *CAN'T* WE?

YOU MIGHT WANNA CATCH HER, THOUGH...

COMPUTER! MED-SCAN SUBJECT SUSAN RICHARDS!

Condition stable Life-signs consistent with delta-stage sleep.

ALL RIGHT, EXILES. LET'S TALK.

NO, RICHARDS! YOU ARE NOT GO NG TO LET THESE ANARCHISTS SIMPLY WALK OUT OF HERE...!

NAMOR-- PLEASE.

SO WHY DID YOU COME HERE? IF YOU'RE OPERATING ON ORDERS FROM SOMEONE ELSE, THEN WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR MISSION?

THAT'S JUST IT, SIR--WE'RE NOT TRYING TO AFFECT SOME HUGE CHANGE THIS TIME AROUND.

IN FACT, WE DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT OUR MISSION IS.

THIS IS THE TALLUS. IT'S HOW THE TIMEBROKER SENDS US INSTRUCTIONS, AND THEY'RE USUALLY PRETTY CLEAR--"SAVE SO-AND-SO" OR "STOP SUCH-AND-SUCH."

BUT THIS TIME THE TALLUS SAID TO "LEAVE YOUR POSSESSIONS AND EARN YOUR WINGS." NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD DOES THAT MEAN?

YOU SEE...? THIS IS NONSENSE!

LET US WASTE NO MORE TIME ON RIDDLES! FREEING OURSELVES FROM THE TIMEBROKER IS OUR TOP PRIORITY!

BUT THE TIMEBROKER ISN'T REALLY A PERSON--

YES, YES. HE CLAIMS TO BE A FIGMENT OF THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS, OR SOME SUCH CLAPTRAP.

THE BETTER TO KEEP US FROM TURNING ON HIM.

PEOPLE, CAN WE PLEASE EXAMINE *ONE* MYSTERY AT A TIME? I'M STILL TRYING TO DEDUCE THE *MEANING* OF YOUR TEAM'S MISSION.

IT MEANS *NOTHING*, RICHARDS. THIS "NAMORA" IS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING--IT *IS* NONSENSE.

UNLESS YOU CONSIDER THE *OBVIOUS* SOLUTION.

YOU CALL IT *"POSSESSION"* WHEN YOU ASSUME CONTROL OF SOMEONE S BODY-- RIGHT, NOCTURNE?

"LEAVE YOUR POSSESSIONS" COULD MEAN THAT YOU MUST *GIVE UP* THAT TALENT, OR...

...OR THAT YOUR *TEAM* MUST LEAVE *YOU* BEHIND.

NO, SEE...IT DOESN'T *WORK* LIKE THAT. THERE S ALWAYS *SIX* OF US, AND WHEN WE MOVE FROM ONE REALITY TO THE NEXT, WE *ALL* GO.

SOMETIMES ONE OF US MIGHT GET KILLED OR RECALLED BY THE TIMEBROKER, BUT WE DON'T GET TO QUIT *OR* PICK OUR REPLACEMENTS.

OBVIOUSLY, OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE *NAMORA* ALONG FOR THE RIDE...

"EARN YOUR WINGS."

I KNOW YOU SAID YOU AREN'T *WITH* THESE PEOPLE, BEAK...BUT PERHAPS YOU'RE *MEANT* TO BE.

UH-UH. NO WAY. I HAVE *KIDS*...AND *CLASSES*...AND A BEAUTIFUL *GIRL* BACK AT XAVIER'S.

THAT IS WHERE I AM MEANT TO BE...

NOT ACCORDING TO *THIS*, BEAK.

THE TALLUS SAYS MISTER FANTASTIC GUESSED IT *RIGHT*. T.J IS. IS SUPPOSED TO STAY BEHIND, AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO COME WITH *US*.

Jm, NO OFFENSE TO THE *FUNKY CHICKEN*, BUT WHAT KIND OF *FIREPOWER* DOES HE BRING TO THE PARTY?

I MEAN, *NOCTURNE* CAN HOLD HER OWN AGAINST SENTINELS, OR THE BROOD, OR WHATEVER!

BUT THIS *BEAK* GUY IS GONNA GET *PLUCKED* HIS FIRST TIME OUT!

IT'S TRUE...WE'D BE *CRUEL* TO MIX HIM UP IN THIS WHOLE EXILES THING.

NOT TO MENTION THAT T.J. IS A LOT EASIER ON THE EYES...WE CAN'T LEAVE HER BEHIND!

SHE'S ONE OF *US*! ONE OF THE *ORIGINALS*!

NEVER-THELESS, YOU *WILL* TAKE HIM.

YOUNG MISTER BOHUSK HAS A RATHER IMPORTANT *TASK* AHEAD OF HIM ONE DAY.

I CAN'T GET INTO SPECIFICS, BUT *SEVERAL* WORLDS WILL HANG IN THE BALANCE, AND "THE BEAK" NEEDS EVERY HARSH LESSON HE'LL LEARN AS AN EXILE IN ORDER TO *PASS* THAT ULTIMATE TEST.

THAT'S *HIM!* THAT'S THE *TIMEBROKER*

COMPUTER! ANALYSIS OF NEWLY ARRIVED ENTITY!

There is no newly arrived entity.

BUT HE'S STANDING *DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME!*

Negative Those coordinates are unoccupied

EITHER HE'S SOMEHOW SHIELDED, OR...

...PERHAPS *HE IS* JUST A MENTAL CONSTRUCT AFTER ALL, NAMORA. PERHAPS YOU HAVE NO SECRET MASTER TO TURN *AGAINST*...

...ALTHOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHY WE SEE HIM, TOO...

DID NOT YOU *HEAR ME?* I HAVE *CHILDREN!* HOW CAN I LEAVE ANGEL TO TAKE CARE OF THEM *ALONE?*

I'M SORRY, YOUNG MAN, BUT YOU'VE JUST BECOME *UNHINGED FROM TIME.*

YOUR FAMILY NOW THINKS YOU'VE *RUN AWAY.* THEY WILL CARRY ON *WITHOUT* YOU.

ONLY BY SERVING WITH THE *EXILES* CAN YOU W.N THEM BACK.

I HOPE IT'S SOME CONSOLATION THAT BY DO.NG THIS, ONE DAY YOU'LL BE SAVING THEIR LIVES, *AND* THE LIVES OF EVERYONE THEY KNOW.

YOU HAVE UNTIL MORN NG BEFORE YOU MOVE ON.

NO! TAKE ME *BACK!* TAKE ME BACK TO XAVIER'S *NOW!*

XAVIER'S

THAT SCRAWNY LITTLE--

WHERE WAS HE ALL NIGHT? BETTER NOT BE NO STRIP-JOINT WOLVERINE TOOK 'IM TO!

WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THAT FREAKIE-BEAK, I'LL...

..I'LL...

...AH, GAWDD... =A-HUH=...=A-HUH=... HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME...?

WHAT'S WRONG, MOMMY?

WHERE'S DADDY?

...=SOB=...

I DON'T KNOW, TITO, BUT...IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS. MEN ARE NO GOOD.

EVEN THE GEEKS...THE ONES WHO SHOULD THANK HEAVEN FOR GETTING ANY LOVE...

...SOONER OR LATER THEY ALL WALK OUT

BUT I AM RIGHT HERE!

WHY CAN'T YOU SEE ME ANYMORE? WHY CAN'T YOU HEAR ME?!

IT IS NO GOOD... THE TIMEBROKER WAS RIGHT. I AM UNSTUCK IN TIME.

"UNHINGED."

THAT, TOO.

I GUESS THE ONLY WAY I GET MY LIFE BACK IS TO GO WITH YOU GUYS.

DON'T WORRY, BARNELL. WE'LL FIX THIS FOR YOU ONE DAY. 'TIL THEN, T.J. WILL KEEP AN EYE ON ANGEL AND YOUR KIDS, OKAY?

I AM, BY FAR, GETTING THE *BEST* PART OF THIS WHOLE BARGAIN.

WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, AND IT'S PROBABLY THE *LEAST* SCREWED-UP VERSION OF EARTH WE'VE ENCOUNTERED.

SURE, THEY HAVE PROBLEMS, BUT *THESE* X-MEN LIVE UP TO THE XAVIER IDEAL WELL ENOUGH.

BAMF

PLUS, THEIR NIGHTCRAWLER ALREADY KNOWS I'M HIS *DAUGHTER* FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, AND HE'S *COOL* WITH IT.

THAT COULD'VE GONE MUCH WORSE, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

HOW ABOUT *YOU*, T.J.? YOU GONNA BE OKAY?

WILL I BE OKAY WONDERING IF YOU GUYS ARE GETTING YOURSELVES *KILLED* ON SOME NIGHTMARE EARTH-GONE-WRONG?

WILL I EVER STOP *WORRYING* ABOUT YOU AND *MISSING* YOU?

NOT A CHANCE, CLARICE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, AFTER LOSING *MAGNUS* AND *THUNDERBIRD* AND *SUNFIRE*...AFTER ALL THAT GARBAGE WITH *WEAPON X* AND *MAGIK*...

...MAYBE FATE IS FINALLY CUTTING YOU A *BREAK*. LORD KNOWS YOU *DESERVE* ONE.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN, T.J., I *KNOW* IT.

IT STILL RUNS CONTRARY TO EVERY *FIBER* IN MY BEING TO ACCEPT MY ROLE AS A *PUPPET*...

...BUT IF EVEN *REED RICHARDS* COULD THINK OF NO BETTER ALTERNATIVE, THEN PERHAPS I MUST COMPLY.

YEAH, YOU'RE GONNA BE A *LOTTA LAUGHS*, AREN'T'CHA?

IT'S *TIME*, FOLKS!

I LOVE YOU GUYS! WHATEVER YOU DO...

...STAY ALIVE.

THERE HAS TO BE A LAW AGAINST THIS...

BLOOONK

AND, THAT'S HOW I WENT FROM PLAYING FIRST-STRING FOR THE *HARD-LUCK GLOBETROTTERS*--

--TO GETTING *TRADED* FOR A ROOKIE WITH HIS OWN BAT... AND A MUTANT-TO-BE-NAMED-LATER, I'LL BET...

NOW, THE QUESTION IS, CAN I MAKE THE X-MEN AS A *WALK-ON?*

OR WILL I END UP IN THE *BUSH LEAGUES* WITH THE SECRET DEFENDERS, OR THE NEW WARRIORS, OR SOME SUCH?

XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING

TEK

GREAT.

KLATCH

SORRY, BUT THE INTERCOM'S STILL *BROKEN.*

OH--!

HEY...I DIDN'T KNOW *YOU'D* JOINED THE X-MEN.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS, DOESN'T IT?

SORRY TO *STARTLE* YOU LIKE THAT, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO *DISCUSS*, IF YOU DON'T MIND TAKING A *WALK* WITH ME...?

BUT...BUT THE MANSION'S BACK *THAT* WAY.

YES IT IS. NEVERTHELESS, THERE ARE *OTHER* OPTIONS OPEN TO A MUTANT ASIDE FROM JOINING XAVIER'S CREW...

NEXT: MORPH'S FINEST HOUR!